



# LAST RITES

Part II of IV

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298  
NOV  
UK 65p



# DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



WEEKS  
1997

50  
YEARS



OF  
CAPTAIN AMERICA  
a Bchry Scan

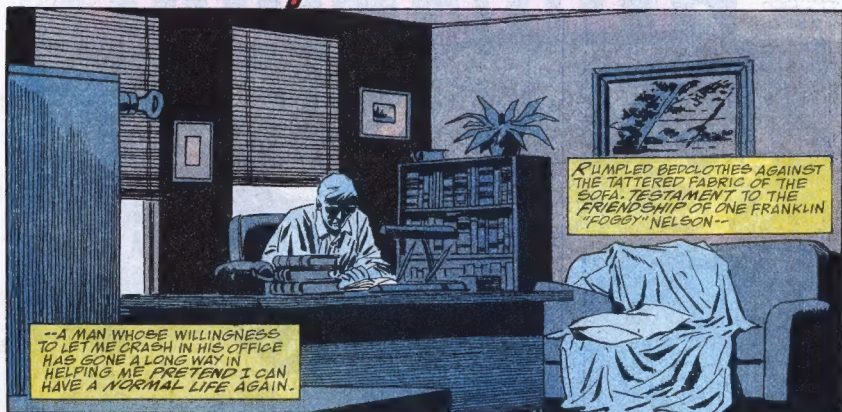
SPECIAL GUEST STAR  
NICK FURY, AGENT OF...

# SHIELD

A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT STOLE HIS SIGHT, BUT, INCREDIBLY, IT ENDOWED YOUNG MATT MURDOCK WITH RADAR VISION AND HEIGHTENED SENSES. ARMED ONLY WITH HIS ATHLETIC PROWESS, BILLY CLUB, AND INDOMITABLE COURAGE, MATT BATTLES INJUSTICE AS A CRIMSON-CLAD GLADIATOR!

Stan  
Lee  
Presents:

# DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



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—AND WITNESS TO EVERY THING YOU'VE EVER HEARD ABOUT LIVING IN NEW YORK...

PART 2

# TURNABOUT



"In taking possession of a state the conqueror should well reflect as to the harsh measures that may be necessary and then execute them at a single blow..."

-- Niccolò Machiavelli

RECKONING IN FOUR PARTS.

D.G. CHICHESTER  
WRITER

LEE WEEKS  
PENCILS

AL WILLIAMSON  
INKS

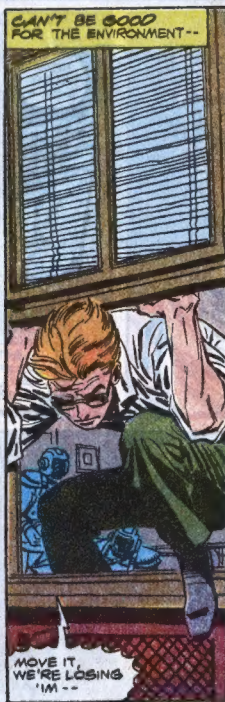
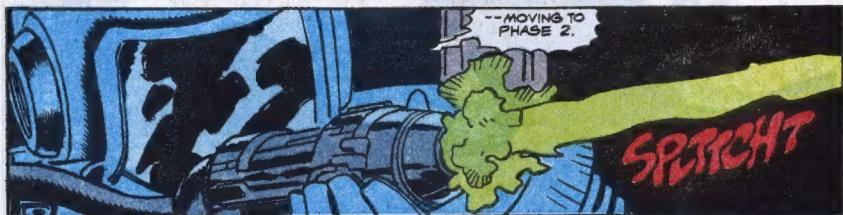
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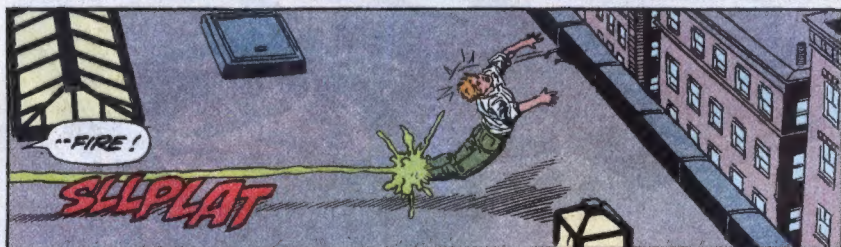




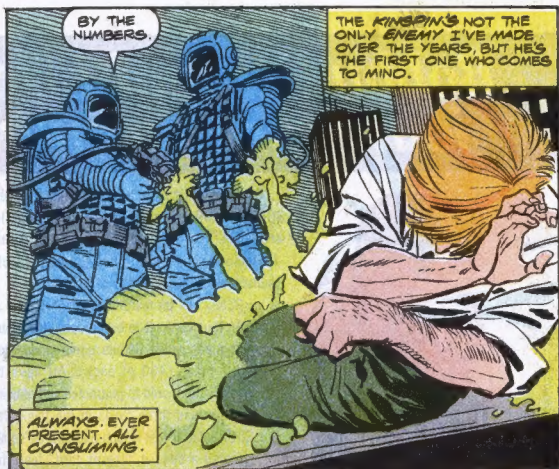
















IT'S SUCH A SMALL THING, WILSON FISK BROODS...

SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOUR MEAT, MR. FISK? YOU'VE HARDLY TOUCHED IT!



...FOR SUCH A BIG MAN TO WORRY OVER.

YOU WANT I SHOULD HAVE THE FOOD TASTER SPEAK TO THE KITCHEN?

DESERT SEEMS-- AH-- DESERT'S F-FINE, TOO, MR. FISK...

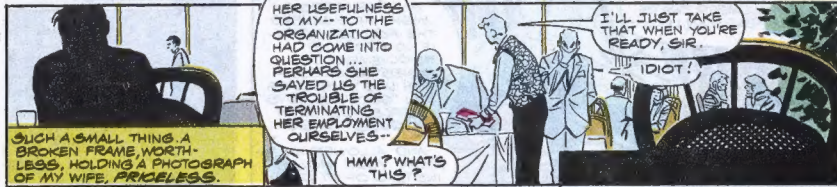
STILL NOTHING FROM TYPHOID MARY, MALTESE?



NO, SIR. NOT SINCE SHE LEFT THE COMPLEX THE OTHER NIGHT.

IT'S UNLIKE HER TO-- SHE'S NEVER MISSED ONE OF OUR DINNERS... WE HAD A DISAGREEMENT THAT NIGHT, YOU KNOW.

HARSH WORDS OVER THE RUMORS OF A POWER PLAY AGAINST ME... AND UNSPOKEN ONES ABOUT VANESSA...



SUCH A SMALL THING, A BROKEN FRAME, WORTHLESS, HOLDING A PHOTOGRAPH OF MY WIFE, PRICELESS.

HER USEFULNESS TO MY-- TO THE ORGANIZATION HAD COME INTO QUESTION... PERHAPS SHE SAVED US THE TROUBLE OF TERMINATING HER EMPLOYMENT OURSELVES--

I'LL JUST TAKE THAT WHEN YOU'RE READY, SIR.

IDIOT!

HMM? WHAT'S THIS?



THE, UH, CHECK, SIR. I'LL JUST TAKE IT WHEN-- SIR? WHY ARE YOU--

OHNO OHGOD OHNO--

MY BRAND OF SUCCESS IN THIS CITY HAS GIVEN ME EVERYTHING I'VE EVER DESIRED...



--WHY ARE YOU LOOKING AT ME LIKE--? DON'T STOP STARING--

...AND MADE ME UTTERLY UNDESIRABLE TO THE WOMAN I NEEDED MORE THAN ANYTHING.

SUCH A SMALL THING TO WORRY SUCH A BIG MAN.



BUT I JUST GAVE HIM THE--

OH, MR. FISK, PLEASE, I'M SO SORRY! YOU KNOW HOW MUCH TAVERN ON THE GREEN WELCOMES YOUR AH, PATRON-AGE!

NO CHARGE, OF COURSE, NO CHARGE.



HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN IN NEW YORK, GENOVA?

YOU WANT TO BECOME A STATISTIC?





PETER SCOTT  
WITH A WFET  
NEWS BREAK--

FISK?  
YOU THERE,  
FISK?!



THE MAYOR  
TODAY MOVED  
THAT MUCH  
CLOSER TO A  
BAN ON ALL  
ASSAULT  
WEAPONS--

I'M TALKIN'  
AT YOU, BOY--  
I SAY, I'M  
TALKIN' AT  
YOU!

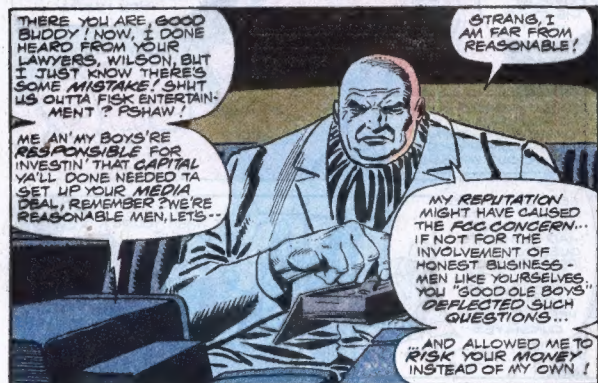


-- PLACING AT  
RISK ALL, HONEST  
CITIZENS' RIGHT  
TO BEAR ARMS  
IN A CITY THAT'S  
GOING STRAIGHT  
TO--

YA'LL TURN  
OFF THAT  
REACTIONARY  
HORSE MANURE!  
YOU CALL A  
TV STATION,  
BOY, AND  
YOU TALK  
TO ME!

COLONEL STRANG  
HAS BEEN MOST  
INSISTENT, MR.  
FISK. YOU WANT  
I SHOULD--

NO, MALTESE  
LET ME ENJOY  
MYSELF.



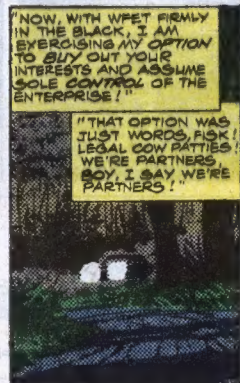
THERE YOU ARE, GOOD  
BUDDY! NOW, I DONE  
HEARD FROM YOUR  
LAWYERS, WILSON, BUT  
I JUST KNOW THERE'S  
SOME MISTAKE! SHUT  
US OUTTA FISK ENTERTAIN-  
MENT? PSHAW!

ME AN' MY BOYS'RE  
RESPONSIBLE FOR  
INVESTIN' THAT CAPITAL  
YA'LL DONE NEEDED TA  
SET UP YOUR MEDIA  
DEAL, REMEMBER? WE'RE  
REASONABLE MEN, LETS--

STRANG, I  
AM FAR FROM  
REASONABLE!

MY REPUTATION  
MIGHT HAVE CAUSED  
THE FCC CONCERN--  
IF NOT FOR THE  
INVOLVEMENT OF  
HONEST BUSINESS-  
MEN LIKE YOURSELVES,  
YOU "GOOD OLE BOYS"  
DEFLECTED SUCH  
QUESTIONS...

...AND ALLOWED ME TO  
RISK YOUR MONEY  
INSTEAD OF MY OWN!



NOW, WITH WFET FIRMLY  
IN THE BLACK, I AM  
EXERCISING MY OPTION  
TO BUY OUT YOUR  
INTERESTS AND ASSUME  
SOLE CONTROL OF THE  
ENTERPRISE!

"THAT OPTION WAS  
JUST WORDS, FISK!  
LEGAL GOW PATTIES!  
WE'RE PARTNERS,  
BOY, I SAY WE'RE  
PARTNERS!"



WE WERE  
PARTNERS,  
STRANG.



"THINK THIS  
THROUGH, BOY,  
I SAY THINK  
THIS THROUGH!  
YOU'RE CLOUDIN'  
YOUR JUDGE-  
MENT--"

"YOU'VE OUT-  
LIVED YOUR  
USEFULNESS,  
COLONEL..."



...BE GRATEFUL  
IT'S ONLY IN THE  
FIGURATIVE  
SENSE!

YOU'RE  
MAKIN' A  
MISTAKE--

KOLLEP



MALTESE,  
HAVE THAT  
WAITER  
FROM THE  
RESTAURANT  
FOLLOWED.

HAVE THE  
HAND THAT  
HELD THE  
CHECK  
CRIPPLED  
BEYOND  
REPAIR...

SUCH A  
LITTLE  
THING...



RE-AGENT  
APPLIED,  
COLONEL.

ALL RIGHT,  
CRACK 'EM

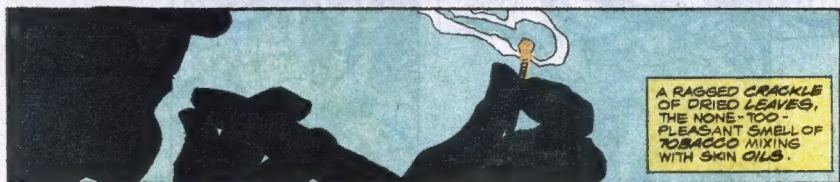
THE SOUND COMES  
THROUGH THE VOID,  
A SHRILL WISS LIKE  
A DRIVING RAIN --

--MANY HANDS  
BREAKING OFF  
THE OUTER EDGES  
OF MY ONE-MAN  
PRISON.



ANOTHER CHUNK OF  
THE SHELL TEARS  
AWAY, LETTING THROUGH  
A SUDDEN WIFF OF  
SULFUR.

MY LEFT ARM COMES FREE,  
FINGERS SCRABBLING AGAINST  
THE LOOSENING GRANULES OF  
PLASTIC SMOOTH.



A RAGGED CRACKLE  
OF DRIED LEAVES,  
THE NONE-TOO-  
PLEASANT SMELL OF  
TOBACCO MIXING  
WITH SKIN OILS.

DISTINCTIVE HEARTBEATS AND  
BODY ODOR THAT WOULD'VE TOLD  
MY CAPTORS BACK ON THE ROOF  
GOT CLOAKED UNDER THICK INSULATED  
UNIFORMS AND RUMBLING BREATHING  
GEAR.



HERE THEY GOT  
TOGETHER WITH  
A STINKING CLOUD  
OF CIGAR SMOKE  
TO NAME NAMES --

MOVE IT, YA  
YAHOOOS--WE  
AIN'T GOT ALL  
NIGHT!

--ONE IN PARTICULAR,  
ATTACHED TO A VOICE  
LIKE SNIFFING GRAVEL.



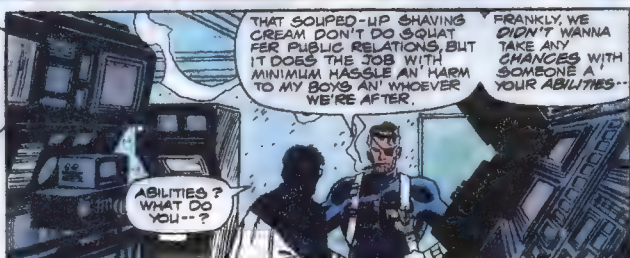
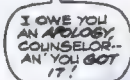
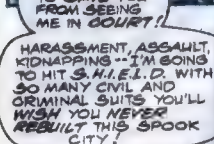
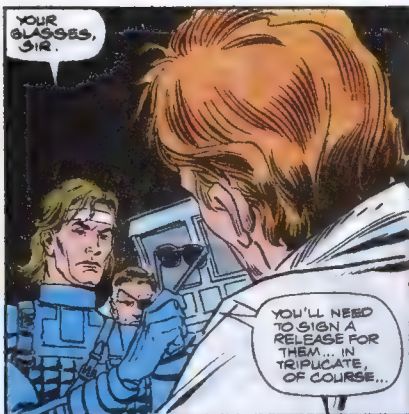
EVENIN', MR.  
MURDOCK...

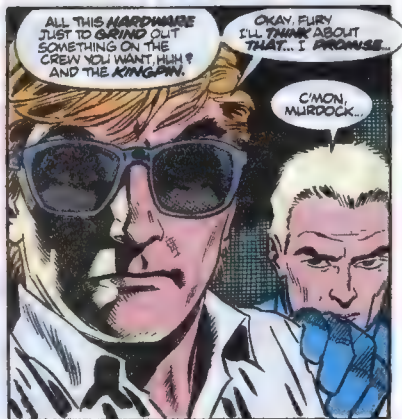
THE IMPROBABLE  
WELL-KNOWN DIRECTOR  
OF THE HUSH-HUSH  
ESPIONAGE AGENCY,  
S.H.I.E.L.D. --





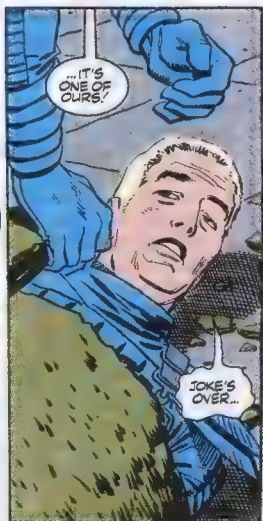
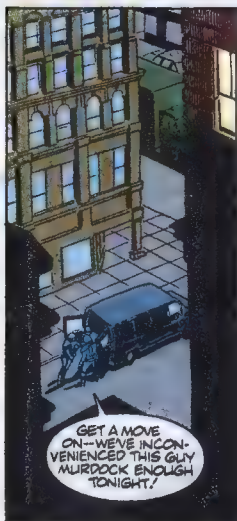














EVEN SUPER-SPIES  
PUNCH THE CLOCK.

KLANK

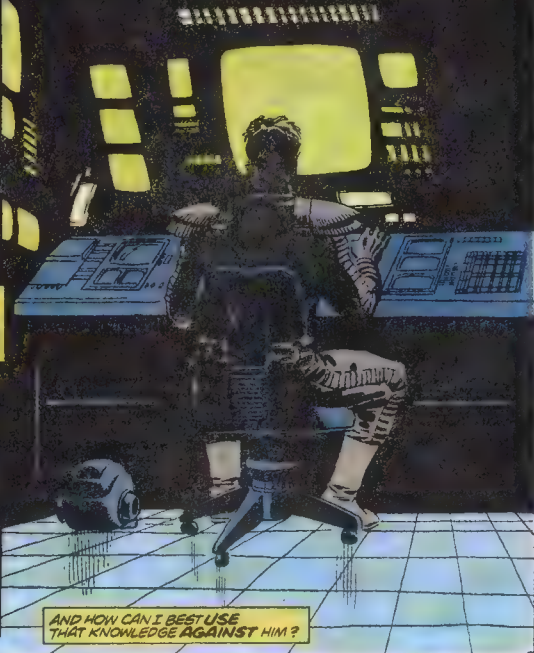
ME, I DO MY  
BEST WORK  
INTO THE  
AFTER  
HOURS.

I KEEP MY PROMISE  
TO FURY.

I THINK ABOUT ALL THAT  
HARDWARE, THE INFORMATIONS  
GATHERING SYSTEMS OF THE  
WORLD'S PREMIERE INTELLIGENCE  
MACHINE BROUGHT TO BEAR  
ON ONE MAN.



WHAT MUST THEY KNOW  
ABOUT WILSON FISK?



AND HOW CAN I BEST USE  
THAT KNOWLEDGE AGAINST HIM?

MIDDLE FINGERS FIND THE  
RAISED RIDGES OF THE HOME  
KEYS, THE REST FALLING  
EASILY INTO PLACE.

TYPING OUT WORDS  
I SEND ON A MICRO-  
CHIPS QUEST.

"KINGPIN" "MURDOCK"  
"FISK", A DOZEN MORE  
DEEP WITHIN S.H.I.E.L.D.'S  
COMPUTERS, ONE OF  
THEM TRIGGERS A HARD  
DRIVE CYCLES...



A MAGNETIC THRUMMING  
RAISING THE HAIRS ON THE  
HAIRS ON THE BACK OF MY  
HANDS.

AN ELECTRONIC  
KEY OPENING A  
HIGH-TECH  
PANDORA'S BOX.

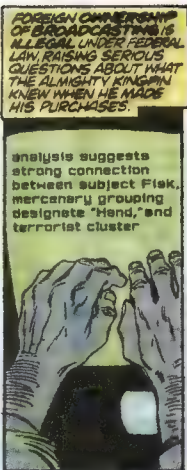


FISK  
WFAT  
VANESSA  
MEDIA  
HAND  
TELEVISI  
TYPHOID  
STICK

CHARACTERS CRAWL  
ACROSS THE SCREEN,  
WARM PHOSPHORS  
UNDER MY FINGERS  
WRITING OUT AN  
INDICTMENT.



FISK'S BACKERS  
IN HIS MEDIA VENTURE—  
ONLY FRONT COMPANIES  
FOR FOREIGN  
INVESTORS.

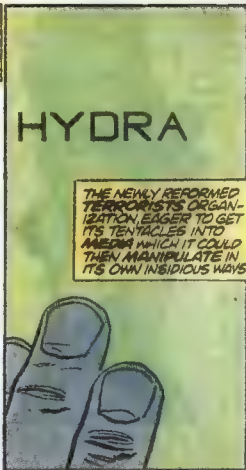


FOREIGN OWNERSHIP  
OF BROADCASTING IS  
ILLEGAL UNDER FEDERAL  
LAW, RAISING SERIOUS  
QUESTIONS ABOUT WHAT  
THE ALMIGHTY KINGPIN  
KNEW WHEN HE MADE  
HIS PURCHASES.

analysis suggests  
strong connection  
between subject Fisk,  
mercenary grouping  
designate "Hand," and  
terrorist cluster



BUT MORE DAMNING  
STILL IS WHAT S.H.I.E.L.D.'S  
FACTS AND FIGURES  
REVEAL TO BE LURKING  
BEHIND FISK'S "FOREIGN  
INVESTORS."

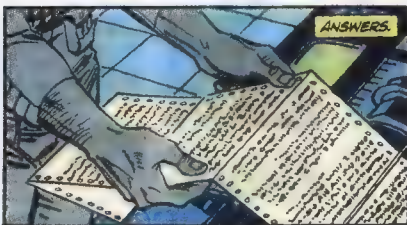


# HYDRA

THE NEWLY REFORMED  
TERRORISTS ORGAN-  
IZATION, EAGER TO GET  
ITS TENTACLES INTO  
AMERICA WHICH IT COULD  
THEN MANIPULATE IN  
ITS OWN INSIDIOUS WAYS

A CABAL OF ASSASSINS  
CALLING THEMSELVES  
"THE HAND" RECENTLY  
MADE A MOVE ON NEW  
YORK—IT'S OBVIOUS  
NOW THEY WERE ACTING  
ON BEHALF OF HYDRA.

AND IT'S TEMPTING TO THINK  
THAT COLLUSION—KNOWING  
EVEN LINKINGS—WITH THAT  
MURDEROUS CADRE OF  
TERRORISTS MAY BE WHAT  
FINALLY TRIGGERS THE UNTOUCH-  
ABLE KINGPIN ONCE AND FOR  
ALL.



ANSWERS.



AND  
AMMUNITION.



DON'T  
LIKE KEEPIN'  
OUR OWN IN  
THE PARK ON  
THIS, NIGGY.

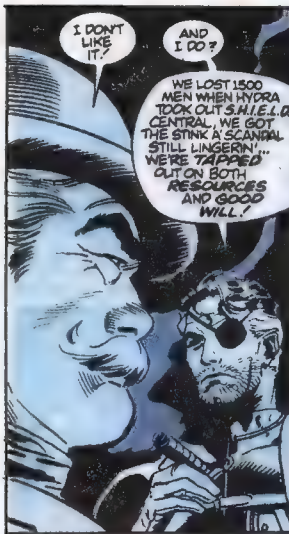


EVEN TWO CAN BE ONE  
TOO MANY IF YOU'RE LOOKIN'  
AT KEEPIN' A SECRET,  
ALOYISIOUS.

HAS TO BE,  
IS THAT IT?  
LIKE GETTIN'  
THE COUNSELOR  
TO DO OUR  
DIRTY WORK.

IT'S  
ALL  
DIRTY.

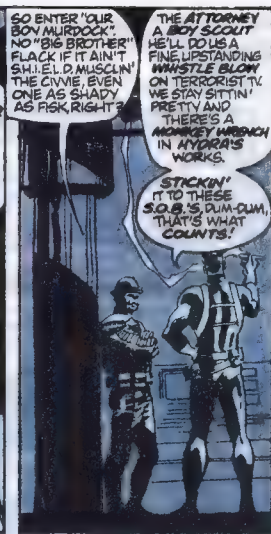




I DON'T LIKE IT.

AND I DO?

WE LOST 1500 MEN WHEN HYDRA TOOK OUT S.H.I.E.L.D. CENTRAL. WE GOT THE STINK A SCANDAL STILL LINGERIN' WE'RE TAPPED OUT ON BOTH RESOURCES AND GOOD WILL!



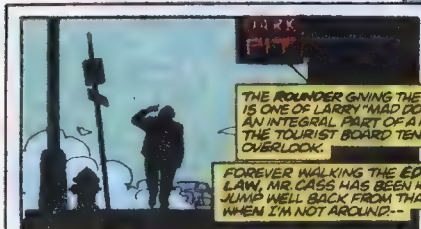
SO ENTER "OUR BOY MURDOCK" NO "BIG BROTHER" FLACK IF IT AIN'T S.H.I.E.L.D. MUSCLIN' THE CIVVIE, EVEN ONE AS SHADY AS FISK, RIGHT?

THE ATTORNEY A BOY SCOUT HE'LL DO US A FINE UPSTANDING WHISTLE BLOW ON TERRORIST TV. WE STAY SITIN' PRETTY AND THERE'S A MURDERER IN HYDRA'S WORKS.

STICKIN' IT TO THESE S.O.B.'S, DUM-DUM, THAT'S WHAT COUNTS!



WHAT HAPPENS WITH MURDOCK AND THE KINSMAN THAT'S BETWEEN THE TWO OF THEM..!

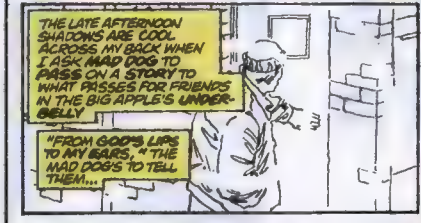


THE ROUNDER GIVING THE SALUTE IS ONE OF LARRY "MAD DOG" CASS, AN INTEGRAL PART OF A NEW YORK TOURIST BOARD TENDS TO OVERLOOK.

FOREVER WALKING THE EDGE OF THE LAW, MR. CASS HAS BEEN KNOWN TO JUMP WELL BACK FROM THAT PRECIPICE WHEN I'M NOT AROUND.--



--A DIRECT CONSEQUENCE NO DOUBT OF MY HAVING ONCE INTRODUCED HIM TO A WATER TOWER ON A DROP-BY-DROP BASIC.



THE LATE AFTERNOON SHADOWS ARE COOL ACROSS MY BACK WHEN I ASK MAD DOG TO PASS ON A STORY TO WHAT PASSES FOR FRIENDS IN THE BIG APPLE'S UNDER-BELLY

"FROM GOD'S LIPS TO MY EARS," THE MAD DOG'S TO TELL THEM....



...THOUGH THE HORRIS TEND TO MAKE THAT ANALOGY SOMEWHAT APOCRYPHAL...











